



Whether the American people exercised good or bad judgment November 7 is invariably a matter of personal opinion. It depends on what side of the fence you happen to be — assuming that you weren't straddling the fence itself.

For example Michigan voters rejected three of the four state proposals. Home rule for Wayne County again went down in defeat along with an increase of compensation — for state legislators and a constitutional change permitting legislators to run for state office.

The one surviving proposal was the constitutional plan whereby a municipality may supply and sell water to houses outside the city limits. If all four proposals had been defeated, proponents might have concluded that an uninformed public had blindly voted "no." Apparently the people think about these constitutional changes. Whether their thinking was good or bad is another matter — and your answer will be governed by your own opinions.

Consider for a minute the problem of old age pensions. You may pay 1 per cent more on your earnings in 1945. It's a social problem that affects your pocketbook as well as your future.

Here is a subject close to the heart of the Townsendites. Public opinion polls have repeatedly indicated a majority of the people favor extension of social security benefits.

Five states voted on age-pension proposals Nov. 7. Washington, Oregon, Arizona and California rejected plans contemplating monthly payments between \$45 and \$60 to persons over 60 to 65 years of age, these to be payable in some cases from specific taxes and in one case general revenue. The fifth state, Colorado adopted a modified age-pension act.

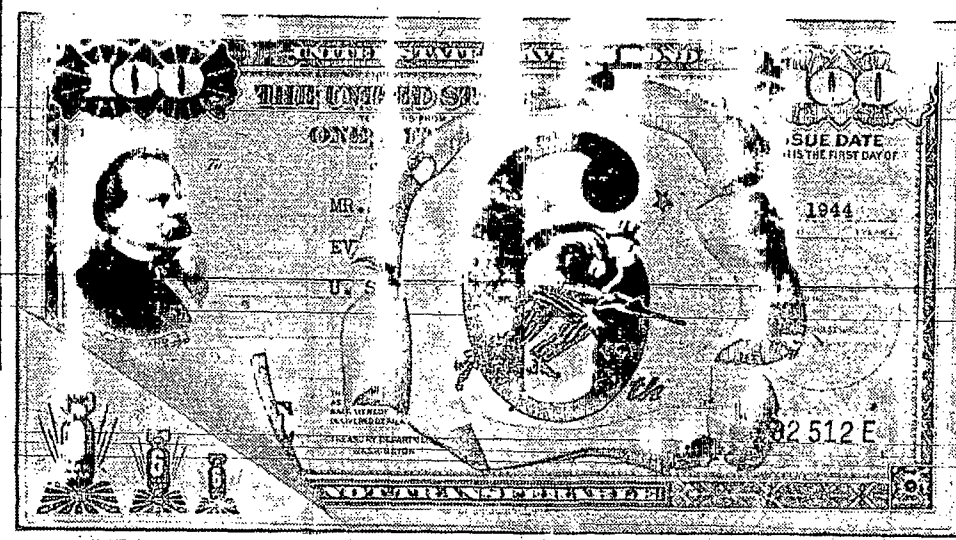
Your guess is as good as your neighbor's as to why the majority in the above states voted as they did. Was it to protect the state's finances? Did they believe that responsibility for larger age-pension payments rested on the federal government at Washington?

Inevitably when you try to venture an answer to either one of these questions, you come up against the immediate issue which now confronts the Congress of the United States: Shall the old-age pension tax be doubled on Jan. 1, 1945?

Senator Arthur Vandenberg has announced he will oppose the tax increase when the measure reaches the Senate from the House where, constitutionally, it must originate.

An additional 1 per cent tax on both employee and employer (Continued on Page 2)

Buy at Least an Extra \$100 Bond Today!



Hunting Toll Up; High Here

Michigan's deer hunting death toll stood at six dead and 14 wounded as a fresh contingent of nimrods started the second week of the season.

In the Grayling area the toll was three dead and three wounded up to the start of the second week. The weather conditions had improved as the temperature continued to drop and a mantle of snow began to cover the ground.

Hunting violations were reported as light by the conservation department with the kill of does 20 percent lighter than usual.

Two youths died as the result of fumes from a charcoal burner in a home made trailer parked near Lewiston. Gene Griswold, 16, was dead when found Thursday morning. His companion Jack Tigner, 17, also of North Bradley died in Mercy Hospital here early Saturday morning after being under an oxygen tent from the time he was brought to the institution.

Found Dead
Carl Bierlien, 32, of Sazimaw was found in the woods of South Branch township on Thursday morning after an all night absence from his hunting camp. He had been shot in the neck and was dead when discovered. In an autopsy performed by Crawford county's two coroners, Dr. Stanley A. Stealy and Norman Butler, it was discovered that the bullet had cut a large artery to the lung and part of the collar bone had been smashed. Parts of skin surrounding the wound have been sent to Lansing according to Dr. Stealy to determine if Bierlien was the victim of his own gun or another. The bullet had disintegrated when smashing against the bone and it was impossible to determine the caliber of the bullet. Michigan State Police and the Sheriff's Department are pushing an investigation.

Three Wounded
Mrs. A. L. Petty, 40, of Houghton Lake was shot in the right thigh by a stray bullet while hunting south of Grayling. She was taken to Mercy Hospital here where her condition is reported as favorable.

Jack Charbonneau, 30, of Mount Clemens also was shot in the right thigh by a stray bullet while hunting near here. He also is in the Mercy Hospital here and his condition is also favorable.

Harold Anderson, 41, of Dearborn was wounded in the upper left leg and the bullet emerged and entered the right leg. He was wounded by a companion who was unloading a rifle after finishing hunting northeast of Grayling. Mercy hospital attendants described his case as more serious than the other wounded.

GAME LAW VIOLATIONS IN JUSTICE COURT HERE

James Titworth of Detroit, hunting on game reserve, \$10.00 fine and \$6.45 costs.
Allen Porter and Carl Henderson, Flint, hunting on game reserve, each fines \$10.00 and costs of \$6.45.
In all three cases it was evident all three defendants did not know they were on the reserve and fortunately no damage had been done, so the court was lenient.

Lawrence Jackson, Kenneth Jackson and Frank Loffredi of Detroit, hunting without properly displaying license insignia on outer garments. Released on payment of costs, \$6.45 each.

Ed Blund of Jackson, carrying loaded gun in car on highway, \$10.00 fine and \$6.45 costs.
James F. Seapleton of Grosse Pointe Farms and Theodore F. Barton of St. Clair Shores, carrying loaded rifles in car in deer area, each fined \$20.00 and \$6.45 costs.

Willett Austin of Unionville, carrying loaded rifle in car \$20.00 fine and \$6.45 costs.
Leo Hicks, Jr., of Adrian (age 17), killing doe, fined \$50.00 and costs of \$6.45, rifle confiscated license revoked for three years.
Thomas C. Ray and Raymond Ray of Lansing, shining deer at night with loaded rifle in car. Fined \$50.00 and costs of \$6.45 each and licenses revoked for remainder of this year and 1945.

C. W. Renwick of Corunna, shining deer at night with loaded rifle in car. Fined \$100.00 and costs of \$6.45, license revoked for three years. Light was confiscated, gun was owned by another party.

Ervin Schuette and Bert Posade of Pigeon, shining and shooting deer at night. Fined \$100.00 and costs of \$6.45 each license revoked for three years and rifle confiscated.

Can Not Ship Parts Of Deer

Deer carcasses only — not pieces of deer — can be transported out of the north woods, the conservation department emphasizes. Carcasses must be sealed with the tags supplied with hunting licenses and sex identity must not be destroyed.

The law is cited because many hunters have been informed by food locker and similar establishments that there will be no room to hang whole carcasses this year and that meat must be cut up for storage. Such cutting can be done only after the deer is delivered to the storage place.

All public cold storage establishments where game is stored must be licensed under the pure food laws of the state. Residents may secure permits free of charge from the department to store certain game animals and birds for a period six months after the legal time allowed for the possession of such game and birds. Such permits are issued only for licensed establishments and private homes.

Permits are issued for deer, bear and for all small game animals and birds except ducks. Migratory waterfowl may be possessed for 45 days after the closed season December 8. No extensions of time can be granted.

AVALANCHE ADDS NEW FEATURE

A new feature was added to the Crawford Avalanche starting with this issue. It will be found on the inside pages of this paper. The feature is headed, Calendar of Coming Events. The purpose of the column is to keep a record of coming social and club meetings in a separate place for easy reference.

The service is free to social clubs. The space will be limited to two lines, however. As per example: Nov. 18 — Brown Funeral Home in Flint. Rev. Samuel Charlton officiated. Burial was in Montrose Cemetery. Remains were at the home of sister, Mrs. Gabriel Strain, 464 E. Wood until noon Sunday, then were taken to the funeral home for services. Death was caused by complications after an illness of one week. She was born in Grayling, Mich. June 1, 1891 the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Carl Wilson, and had lived in Flint and vicinity for 34 years. Was married Jan. 1, 1912 to Capt. Scofield in Flint. Surviving are: Husband, Capt. George Scofield; daughter, Mrs. Virginia Roeske of Flushing; 3 grandchildren; sister, Mrs. Gabriel Strain of Flint; nephew, Thomas Strain of U. S. Marines.

Any coming event in which the raising of money is the object, as suppers, rummage sales, etc will be inserted at 10c per line.

The feature will make a quick easy way to find day, time and place of any meeting. Bring or phone your club notices in, we will be glad to list the social meetings at no charge to you.

At Random

A beautiful piece of work is a beautiful thought made manifest.

Of course it would be fortunate for a man to marry a woman whose mind matches his own — who knows his worth and sympathies with his ideals.

It is claimed that to be an Elk you must have faith in other men, faith in yourself and faith in the Universe. That alone should recommend this fine Order.

Now that the president is talking of appointing Tim Tobin, secretary of labor, what is he going to do with his fancy?

Sure we were disappointed over the outcome of the election, but we're not going to bellyache about it.

We believe there is much chance for improvement in administering our government, and we only hope it is done.

If we can't buy cigarettes, perhaps there may be more money with which to pay toward a home. Anyway we won't starve because of cigarette shortage.

—O.P.S.

NEXT

JAPAN

6th WAR LOAN

Release Fish Plant Totals

A release of the fish planting totals for 1944 in Crawford County was made this week by H. L. Peterson, District Fisheries Supervisor at the Grayling State Fish Hatchery.

Pike perch led the list with 1,200,000 being planted in Crawford County. Bluegills were next with 93,000 planted. Brook trout and browns were next with 22,400 and 14,000 respectively being planted in the streams of Crawford County.

There were 9,600 bass and 5,700 rainbow trout planted here also.

This huge plant of fish made by the state each year keeps the fishing in the area in top notch shape. It is great insurance for the tourist industry.

Crawford County Quota \$43,000 in 6th War Loan

LENZI-HEWITT VOWS NEW HONOR SPOKEN NOV. 5

Sergeants Wed in Church Near Texas Base

Of interest to Grayling people is announcement of the marriage of Sgt. Phyllis M. Hewitt, WAC, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Earle Hewitt, Bay City, and granddaughter of Mrs. Thomas Cassidy of Grayling, to Staff Sgt. Joseph Lenzi, son of Mr. and Mrs. Albert Lenzi, of Boston, Pa., which was solemnized Nov. 5 in St. Mary's Catholic Church, Gainsville, Texas, by the Rev. Fr. M. J. Brady.

The bride chose a gown of white slipper satin for the ceremony read at 3 o'clock in the afternoon before an altar banked with giant chrysanthemums following a morning Mass. It was designed with a net yoke embroidered with seed pearls, long sleeves ending in points over the wrists and the full skirt which ended in a circular train fell from cording which finished the long bodice. Small satin covered buttons extended from the neckline in the back to the cording. Her finger-tip-length veil fell from a tiara of seed pearls matching those on the dress, and she carried a bouquet of roses. Her bridesmaid, Mrs. A. C. Ritter of Gainsville, chose a floor-length peach gown with a pearl sash, and she carried a bouquet of chrysanthemums. Sgt. Ritter was best man.

The children's choir sang to accompany the organ music and the nuns and benediction was said following the rites.

Mrs. Lenzi will remain with her husband in Gainsville, where he was recently transferred from Caspar, Wyo. for the duration of her furlough, after which she will return to duty at the Colorado Army Recruiting District at Grand Junction, Colo.

Sgt. Lenzi has been in the army two years, and Mrs. Lenzi has been in the WACs for 17 months. She has served at Fort Meade, Md., Tampa, Fla., Omaha, Neb., Denver, Colo., Cheyenne, Wyo., Sheridan, and Casper, Wyo. Before going into the army she was receptionist for the U. S. employment service in Muskegon. Her parents recently moved to Bay City from Muskegon when Mr. Hewitt was named head of the U. S. employment office here.

NEW HONOR ROLL ERECTED

The newly printed list of names have been installed in the Crawford County Board on the Court House Lawn. The board has been redecorated and with the new list of names is most attractive.

Any names that have been missed or any that are misspelled should be reported either to C. B. Johnson of Alfred Hanson, who are members of the committee in charge of the board.

The list was printed by the Avalanche, who followed a list of names prepared by the committee and checked by Harold Jarmin of the local Selective Service Board. A lot of time was put in by these men in an attempt to make the list as correct as humanly possible. But remember it is human to err so if you discover a mistake, remember, it was not because of a slipshod manner of handling the matter. Report your finding to one of these men and it will be corrected at once.

"Moms"

One of the most successful and enjoyable parties in recent years was staged at the school last Friday night.

The Rhythm King Trio handled their assignment in good style and provided fine music for the five hundred dancers.

The "Moms" managed the games in the school assembly and the lunch in the lower hall. A fair crowd played for the many fine prizes provided and the lunch was about sold out at closing time.

The school has divided its share of the proceeds between the visual education and the special funds departments. A slide film projector is to be added to the class room equipment and Christmas and Last Day of School treats for the boys and girls in school will be provided.

Much credit goes to Mr. Stripe, general chairman, and the committee of teachers who assisted him.

Our Boys and Girls In the Service

Jack Church whose ship, an LST has just taken part in the landing on Leyte Island in the Philippines, has been promoted from fireman first class to Motor Machinist Mate, third class.

His address is: Jack A. Church, MOBM 3-c, USS LST No. 990 c-o Fleet Post Office San Francisco, California.

Storming a stronghold like Metz gets complicated when you have the enemy looking down your neck from a flank and the rear as the Eleventh Infantry regiment has today.

Col. Charles W. Yuill, of Vandenberg, Mich., and formerly of Grayling as commander of the 11th may well be the regimental commander to get credit far successfully storming Metz.

Pfc. Albert Bailey will soon arrive to spend some time with his sister, Mrs. Chris W. Decker. Pfc. Bailey has seen service in the Central Pacific. He will report at Fort Sheridan, Illinois prior to coming here. Pfc. Bailey was granted a furlough on the rotation plan, in accordance with the need for troops in certain areas. The furlough must be decided on by the theater commander in which the soldier is serving.

S. I. c. Gerald Melichar arrived home Wednesday to spend a 30-day leave with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Melichar. Gerald has seen service in England and France. He was wounded in the arm by shrapnel on the third day of the invasion. He will report back to a base in Rhode Island at the end of his leave.

IT'S LOVE, LOVE, LOVE-OR MAYBE THE MOON

It's crazy what loves does. One ardent swain rubbed his sweetie's face with poison ivy and won her. Putting on a dog collar, a luckless chap pitched a tent outside his beloved's house and lost her. Read about the odd things love does, in The American Weekly with this Sunday's (Nov. 26) issue of The Detroit Sunday Times.

Sandwiches
Keep salad pieces bite size. Don't cut them in long ribbons. They are awkward to handle.

The 6th War Loan Drive began in Crawford County on Monday with a goal of \$43,000 to raise. Hopes are high, however, Chairman John Bruun said, to hit the ceiling in the county.

The Crawford County War Finance Committee still formed of the original members, Chairman John Bruun, Esbern Hanson, Wilhelm Raabe, O. P. Schumann, Carl Dorsh, Charles E. Moore and Mrs. Stanley A. Stealy have laid their program for the drive which they believe will fill the quota.

Although the total quota is \$43,000, the largest part, \$33,000 to be exact, must be raised in 5 bonds to fulfill the quota for the county.

Fill Quota Early
A telegram from Frank N. Ishey, chairman of the War Finance Committee for Michigan, addressed to Chairman Bruun calls for a reaching of the quota by December 7.

"Let's all stick with our boys to the finish. Let's pay the sons of Nippon back by going over the top by December 7," the telegram says.

The national quota for the drive is 14 billion of dollars, Michigan's quota, 472 million, the telegram added. "This will be the hardest job we have yet tackled, and will take the combined efforts of all," the wire continued.

The people of Crawford County have raised since Pearl Harbor to and including the first day of November, \$910,292, Chairman Bruun announced.

\$150 Each
The quota for the county puts it squarely up to each and every individual to buy at least \$150 in bonds to meet the quota according to a breakdown of the amount to population figures.

In the last five drives Crawford County has always emerged above her quota and is fully expected to this time. No personal solicitation has been planned according to the committee.

Although the dates for the drive are from November 20 to December 16, any bonds bought during the two months will count toward the quota.

The national leaders of the drive fear over-optimism may cut into the usual large personal bond sale. This drive must be put over the top, they say, to carry on the war against the Japanese and to bring the conflict to a successful conclusion. It is just as necessary to carry this war to Japan as to end the war in Victory against the Fascist hordes of Europe, they argue.

Buy a bond and smack a Jap. Remember Pearl Harbor.

Kay Petersen At Mich. State

Included in the enrollment of 3,794 students at Michigan State College this fall quarter is one student from Crawford County, according to R. S. Linton, registrar.

She is Katherine Peterson of Grayling, a Junior.

Many students constitute the bulk of the student body with 3,305 enrolled. New York leading the out-of-state enrollees with 122. County leaders are Wayne with 746, Ingham with 601 and Oakland with 300.

Including 27 foreign students, total enrollment represents 79 Michigan counties 36 states and 10 foreign countries.

Dyer-VanVleck

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Dyer of Lansing and Grayling announce the recent marriage of their daughter, Doris Irene, to S-Sgt. Fred VanVleck, son of Mr. and Mrs. Fred L. VanVleck of Charlotte, Mich.

S-Sgt. VanVleck just returned home for a 21-day furlough after serving 2 years overseas in Trinidad. The wedding took place Nov. 5 at the home of the bride's parents. Twenty-five guests were present.

Tropical Lizard
The galliwasp is a lizard from Jamaica and Central America.

1944

November

Only 4 Weeks

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1944

December

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January

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March

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April

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May

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June

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30

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July

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1944

August

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30 31

1944

September

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30

WANT ADS

TELEPHONE 3111

For Rent.....
Lost or Found.....
For Sale.....
Wanted to Buy.....
Miscellaneous.....

RATES—Advertisements in this department cost 25 cents for 25 words or less for each insertion. For more than 25 words one cent a word for each insertion. Rates for display advertising in the classified columns on application. Orders by mail should be accompanied by cash or postage stamps. An extra charge of 10c will be made for blind ads and if it is necessary to bill for an advertisement that has been charged.

The Want Ad Department closes for each week's edition at NOON on Wednesday.

WANTED—Turning logs. Pioneer Log Cabin Co., Roscommon, Mich. 9-21-22-24-44

Wanted--Oil Leases

In Northeastern Michigan by one of Michigan's most active oil drilling companies now participating in drilling operations on several Wildcat tests.

We pay good lease rentals, but are primarily interested in deep drilling operations for new crude oil production.

Please give complete legal description of your farm acreage, section number, town and range information.

Send this advertisement together with your resident address to:

OIL DRILLING COMPANY
Box 490,
Grayling, Michigan

ALL MAKES sewing machines repaired. Will buy old sewing machines. Will be in Grayling last week in November. Write Lee Chambers in care of this paper. Authorized Singer Service. 11-2-4t

STATE OF MICHIGAN

The Probate Court for the County of Crawford

At a session of said Court, held at the Probate Office in the City of Grayling in said County, on the 20th day of November, A. D. 1944.

Present: Hon. Charles E. Moore, Judge of Probate.

In the Matter of the Estate of Rosa Joseph, Deceased.

Arthur Clough having filed in said Court his final account as Administrator of said Estate and his petition praying for the allowance thereof and the assignment of the residue of said estate.

It is ordered, That the 18th day of December, A. D. 1944, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, at said probate office be and is hereby appointed for hearing said petition.

It is Further Ordered, That public notice thereof be given by publication of a copy of this order, for three successive weeks previous to said day of hearing, in the Crawford Avalanche, a newspaper printed and circulated in said County.

Charles E. Moore, Judge of Probate.

A true copy.
Charles E. Moore, Judge of Probate. 9-21-4

TIMBER SALE

DEPARTMENT OF CONSERVATION OF THE STATE OF MICHIGAN

Notice is hereby given that swamp timber on the following described lands will be offered for sale at public auction to be held at the headquarters of the Higgins Lake State Forest, Roscommon, on Friday, December 8, at 2 P. M., Central War Time:

T24N-R4W, Sec. 18, SW 1/4 of SW 1/4 and W 1/2 of SE 1/4 of SW 1/4.

The cutting permit will be awarded to the responsible bidder offering the largest cash bonus in addition to agreeing to pay the following stumpage prices:

Spruce logs — \$10.00 per M board feet.

Balsam logs — \$7.00 per M board feet.

Tamarack logs — \$10.00 per M board feet.

Jack pine logs — \$6.00 per M board feet.

Aspen logs — \$5.00 per M board feet.

Spruce pulpwood — \$3.00 per 4 ft. cord.

Balsam pulpwood — \$2.00 per 4 ft. cord.

Aspen pulpwood — \$1.00 per 4 ft. cord.

Jack pine pulpwood — \$1.00 per 4 ft. cord.

Cedar posts: 8 ft. up to 4" top — \$.02 each.

3 ft. 4" to 4" top — \$.06 each.

3 ft. 7" top and over — \$.10 each.

Shingle bolts, 8 ft. — \$.10 each.

Cutting will be done according to the following specifications:

Minimum stump diameters (outside bark measurements):

Cedar, red maple and white birch, 12 inches; spruce balsam and tamarack, 10 inches; and aspen, 6 inches.

Stump height not to exceed 15 inches or be less than 6 inches.

Brush to be left as cut but not in piles or windrows.

Operations under the permit issued as a result of this sale will terminate December 8, 1945.

The right to reject any and all bids is reserved.

For information relative to this sale contact H. V. Borgerson, Higgins Lake Forest Superintendent, Roscommon, Michigan.

P. J. HOFFMASTER, Director.

TIMBER SALE

DEPARTMENT OF CONSERVATION OF THE STATE OF MICHIGAN

Notice is hereby given that jack pine timber on the following described lands will be offered for sale at public auction to be held at the headquarters of

Northern Lights

Absence List

Hunting season more than tripled our High School absence list last week. At the latest count 36 students were working in places where their help was needed to care for the rush of hunters and some 20 were hunting.

With 18 students out of a class of 30 and 14 out of 22 absent it was a manner of marking time in many classes.

Monday morning found most of the absentees back as students were busy preparing for the second term exams on Tuesday and Wednesday.

Visual Education

Last week the Sociology Class saw the film "Campus Frontier" which was produced to show the work-study program at Antioch College.

6th War Loan

Monday morning marked the opening of the 6th War Loan drive in the school. The committee composed of Barbara Borchers, chairman, Caroline Nelson, Dorothy Jensen, Margaret Charron and Roy Milnes, worked hard last Saturday in getting up poster and signs through the building and in making the sales booth.

John Selesky opened the morning assembly by stating how important it is for us to back up the men and women in armed service by buying more stamps and bonds. Each member of the committee then told what they planned for their part in the drive.

To Bobby Brady goes the honor of buying the first war bond of the campaign. Bobby was on hand bright and early to make his purchase.

Assembly

Last Friday's assembly program was planned and directed by Mrs. Edna Hanson. Two fine Junior Red Cross plays were given by Mrs. Hanson's seventh grade English classes and her eighth grade English classes read some of their original themes on Junior Red Cross.

Seventh Grade Junior Red Cross Play

Service With a Smile

Characters—Martha, Rose Dutton; Elizabeth, Christine Sales; Jack, Richard Reava; Irwin, Victor Papendick; Jim Clarence LaMotte.

They are all school children portraying Junior Red Cross services, except Jack, who is convinced that serving the JRC can be fun.

Tom, Dick, Harry and the Pirates

Characters—Tom, James Kumpula; Dick, Melvin Marshall; Harry (Harriet Merryweather); Patsy Bishaw; Black Dog, James Case; Hooks, Ernest Miller; other pirates, Laurence, Bunker, and Gene Crawford.

The pirates taught the children lessons in health, cleanliness and book learning through the use of maps.

All members of the Seventh Grade assisted in the production of the plays by bringing stage properties and arranging them and in many other ways.

Eighth Grade

The Eighth Grade English Classes wrote themes on the origin of the Red Cross, American Red Cross and Junior Red Cross. A committee was selected to take the best from each theme for the final paper which was read before the assembly.

Axel Peterson acted as speaker introducing the numbers. The orators were as follows:

Forming the Red Cross, Ernie Parsons.

The American Red Cross, Bob Brady.

The Junior Red Cross, Carl Dean Hanson.

To Add Radios On Bus Lines

Radio equipment to enable intercity buses to be in constant communication with their headquarters and stations on route will be a postwar development in highway passenger transportation. Already the National Association of Motor Bus Operators has requested the Federal Communications Commission to allocate 15 radio waves bands for the

industry's use.

At FCC hearings held in Washington recently, representatives of several major intercity bus lines told how improved communications equipment would facilitate travel. The ability to communicate directly with buses on the highways and to receive messages from drivers would add to passengers' convenience and comfort, promote safety and minimize delays in the event of road failures or adverse highway conditions, and expedite repair and maintenance work.

Several of the nation's larger lines are planning the installation of experimental equipment on certain routes as soon as wartime restrictions are lifted. While the program will be developed by individual bus lines, the request for the necessary wave bands was made by the industry as a whole to provide for eventual national coverage of all highway passenger transportation operations.

Michigan Mirror

(Continued from first page)

would realize between \$1,250,000,000 and \$1,500,000,000 annually. This sum would be added to the social security reserve fund — which exists actually on paper since the money has been loaned to other funds through "government T.O.U.s."

The law originally provided that the tax on each party—employee and employer—should be gradually stepped up, reaching 3 per cent (total of 6 per cent) by January 1, 1949. It has been the senate finance committee's conviction that present reserves were adequate and that any increase now would only doubly assess the country for the cost of old age pensions.

The Michigan Retail Institute, representing tens of thousands of retailers throughout Michigan, is again opposing the tax increase. Organized labor is friendly to the proposal. Lines are being drawn for a showdown.

However, it is difficult to isolate one of the social security benefits from the others. That brings up the inevitable consideration of the general problem—do you favor an extension of present benefits as both party nominees recommended during the fall campaign?—What are you going to do about suggested public health insurance, for ex-

WANTED: RAW FURS

Highest Prices Paid for All Kinds of FURS. When ready to sell yours see

CHAS. MEISEL

106 McClellan

Phone 4651

2nd house North of Callahan's Gas Station



Young women in the smartest clothes of the day—the uniforms of Uncle Sam's Armed Services—are doing the biggest job of their lives, helping in hundreds of different ways to win this war more quickly. WACS or WAVES, MARINES or SPARS, ARMY or NAVY NURSES, they deserve the praise of a thankful Nation. Here's to the ladies in uniform!

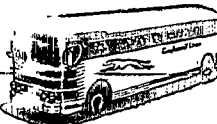
Greyhound is Serving Them

Greyhound, reaching more of America's military centers, great cities and crossroads communities than any other transportation system, carries thousands of women in uniform—on duty and on leave or furlough. We're proud to serve them.

GREYHOUND TERMINAL

SHOPPENAGONS INN

Phone 4441



GREYHOUND
LINES

ON TO TOKYO

Our boys won't quit until they've

reached their goal. Let's not stop

buying Bonds until we've reached

ours! In this 6th War Loan Drive,

the Nation's goal is \$14 billions...

our individual job is to buy at least

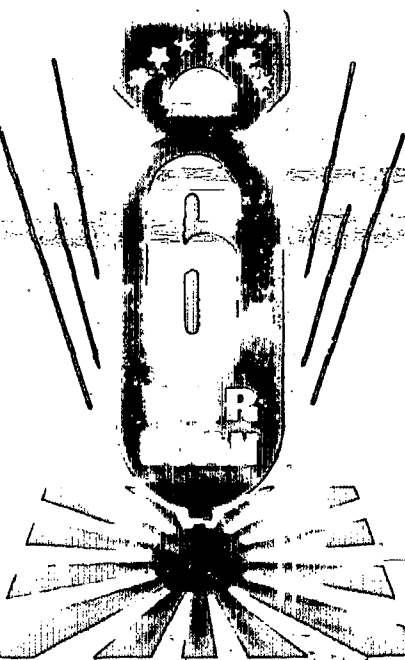
an extra \$100 Bond... another and

then another... let's keep on go-

ing... let's keep on buying... let's

keep on saying it with Bonds...

"On to Tokyo!"



SPIKE'S REG O' NAILS

Notice Of Sale

Sealed bids will be accepted by the City of Grayling up to December 4, 1944, at 8 P. M. for the purchase of the following described real estate located in said City: Lot 6, Block 17, Original Plat of Grayling.

The right to reject any and all bids is reserved.

GEORGE A. GRANGER, City Manager.

Nov. 16, 23 and 30.

Choice Frontage On Au Sable River

The City of Grayling will accept sealed bids for the purchase of approximately 18 acres of land within said City, having approximately 1,000 feet of frontage on the Au Sable River.

This land is a part of the present City Park and is ideal for resort development.

Description and details can be obtained from the undersigned.

Bids will be accepted up to 8 P. M. on December 4, 1944.

The right to reject any and all bids is reserved.

For information relative to this sale contact H. V. Borgerson, Higgins Lake Forest Superintendent, Roscommon, Michigan.

P. J. HOFFMASTER, Director.

Nov. 16, 23 and 30.

I will be in Gaylord, Friday and Friday evening, Dec. 1, 1944. Offices over Guggisberg's Store, 9 a.m. to 8 p.m. Eyes examined and glasses prescribed. Call phone 149M, Gaylord, for appointment. Dr. Kenneth W. Tinker, Optometrist, Traverse City, Michigan.

TIMBER SALE

DEPARTMENT OF CONSERVATION OF THE STATE OF MICHIGAN

Notice is hereby given that jack pine timber on the following described lands will be offered for sale at public auction to be held at the headquarters of

the Higgins Lake State Forest, Roscommon, on Friday, December 8, at 2 P. M., Central War Time:

T24N-R4W, Sec. 18, SW 1/4 of SW 1/4 and W 1/2 of SE 1/4 of SW 1/4.

The cutting permit will be awarded to the responsible bidder offering the largest cash bonus in addition to agreeing to pay the following stumpage prices:

Spruce logs — \$10.00 per M board feet.

Balsam logs — \$7.00 per M board feet.

Tamarack logs — \$10.00 per M board feet.

Jack pine logs — \$6.00 per M board feet.

Aspen logs — \$5.00 per M board feet.

Spruce pulpwood — \$3.00 per 4 ft. cord.

Balsam pulpwood — \$2.00 per 4 ft. cord.

Aspen pulpwood — \$1.00 per 4 ft. cord.

Jack pine pulpwood — \$1.00 per 4 ft. cord.

Cedar posts: 8 ft. up to 4" top — \$.02 each.

3 ft. 4" to 4" top — \$.06 each.

3 ft. 7" top and over — \$.10 each.

Shingle bolts, 8 ft. — \$.10 each.

Cutting will be done according to the following specifications:

Minimum stump diameters (outside bark measurements):

Cedar, red maple and white birch, 12 inches; spruce balsam and tamarack, 10 inches; and aspen, 6 inches.

Stump height not to exceed 15 inches or be less than 6 inches.

Brush to be left as cut but not in piles or windrows.

Operations under the permit issued as a result of this sale will terminate December 8, 1945.

The right to reject any and all bids is reserved.

For information relative to this sale contact H. V. Borgerson, Higgins Lake Forest Superintendent, Roscommon, Michigan.

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GOD IS MY CO-PILOT

By COL. ROBERT L. SCOTT
WNU Features.

SYNOPSIS

CHAPTER I: Scott's early experiences with gliders and airplanes. He goes to Ft. McPherson and enlists in the regular army as a private.

CHAPTER II: Scott wins the West Point competitive exam and gets a furlough before reporting. He is graduated as a second lieutenant of infantry and arrives at Randolph Field, Texas.

CHAPTER III: Scott makes his first solo flight. Drives 1,300 miles to Georgia over every weekend to see his girl. Scott is now graduated from Kelly Field and has wings pinned on his chest. Ordered to report to Hawaii but wanting to get married he lays his plight before the General and is ordered to report at Mitchell Field, N. Y., instead.

CHAPTER IV: En route to New York Scott is stopped by police who mistake him for a bandit. He carries the mail for Uncle Sam in order to gain more flying time, and gets married.

CHAPTER V

By this time, war with certain countries appeared imminent. I had always believed that we would fight Japan, and had always believed that Japan would make the first thrust. And I tried to "figure out" every cadet that came through our school—tried by talking to him to find out whether or not he had the urge for combat, for I knew that the urge was positively necessary. Not only did a man have to have that certain incentive to fly and keep on flying, until flying became second nature, but he had to have the definite urge for combat. When he learned to fly automatically he would control the ship without thinking about the controls and have his mind free to concentrate on navigation and the aiming of his guns—besides watching his tail for the enemy.

I talked with the cadets many times, and I was surprised to find that a lot of them still thought it was wrong to want to get in the air against any enemy and fight. Sometimes I was disappointed to find that men lacked fighting instinct for the coming war. Youngsters seemed to think that combat was unnecessary. Many of them, it seemed to me, were learning to fly merely for the high-paying airline jobs of the future. But as time went on, I changed my mind. There would always be a few who didn't want to fight, there would be some who were uncertain, but from their attitude as the war tension increased I knew that when war came, as it inevitably would, these youngsters in the fighting ships of America would do their part.

From Ontario I went to Lemoore, in the San Joaquin Valley of California, and there I went through one of the low periods of my life. It was not that Lemoore was bad, for the people were wonderful—but war was getting closer and closer, and I was getting farther from combat duty. Finally, after war had opened on December 7, I began to write Generals all over the country in an effort to get out of the Training Center. After all, I had been an instructor for nearly four years and it was pretty monotonous. I knew that instructors were necessary, but I wanted to fight, and I thought that if I could get out to fight with my experience, I could come back later on and be even more valuable as an instructor of fighter pilots.

At last things began to happen. On December 10, I was hurriedly ordered to report to March Field. When these secret orders came, I thought the day for my active entry into the real war was near. Hardly taking time to get my toothbrush—the radiogram said, "immediately"—I jumped into a car and drove madly through the Valley and over the pass of Tehachas through the snow at the summit at nearly ninety miles an hour, to March Field. I arrived there in a blackout, and though I was to see plenty of combat later on, I'll take an oath that the nearest I've been to death in this war was when I rode into March Field with my lights out, trying to follow the line in the highway that was not there. Army trucks went by with dim, pin-point blue lights, and as I looked out of my car the trucks would almost hit me.

When I finally got on the post with my radiogram for admission, I tore up to the headquarters and operations office, expecting any minute to be told to jump in a P-33 or a P-40 and go up to protect Los Angeles. There were many others like myself, for apparently all pilots with pursuit experience had been assembled.

No one knew what we were to do. No one knew we were supposed to be there. We could get no flying time, and some of the old pursuit pilots hadn't been in a single-seat plane for years. We waited and waited while rumors increased. Some said we were going to the Philippines by carrier; some ventured that our destination was Java or Australia. Since then, I have seen some of the men in India and China. Their

ways to war must have been as circuitous as mine.

Squadrons of pursuit planes would come through daily on the way up the coast and we all grew envious watching them. The only cheering thing was the radio broadcast which told of Capt. Colin P. Kelly and his crew sinking the Japanese battleship Haruna. In this engagement Kelly became the first hero of the war, and I was very proud. For Captain Kelly had been under my instruction at Randolph Field. I could well remember that fine student's excellent attitude for a combat pilot. He had broken his collarbone in a football scrimmage at Randolph and had told no one on the flying line. Looking in the rear-view mirror, I saw him flying with his left hand on the stick; when I corrected him, I learned of the accident. Fighter Kelly had been so anxious to get on with the course of instruction that he was completely ignoring broken bones. Of such material are heroes made.

As the days went on we noticed that pilots whom we had trained were doing the things in this war, in every theater, with the few airplanes we had. It was some consolation to know that we had trained the youngsters who were sinking the Japanese ships and shooting down the enemy planes. But it was not enough.

"I still wanted to fight myself. I could well remember the years and years I had trained in Panama with the 76th Pursuit Squadron; I had always been too young to lead an element, a flight, a squadron, or

anything. Then suddenly I was told here that I was not only too old—imagine that, at age 34!—to lead a squadron, but also too old to lead even a group. In fact I was too old to fly a fighter plane into combat. I used to tell the Generals that from being too young, I had suddenly jumped to being too old. There had never been a correct age.

But all the argument was to no avail, and after waiting around March Field for ten days we were ordered back to our home stations. I returned to Lemoore in the San Joaquin. I know there was no man on Bataan any sadder that night than I. Then came orders to report to Victorville—at least here was a change, and I welcomed it. I found myself director of training in a twin-engine school—I was still getting farther and farther from the war.

It seemed to me now that all was lost. I had tried desperately for the last six months to get out of the Training Center, and now that war had come it seemed that the powers at the top had decided that all of us, whether we had been trained as fighter pilots or as combat pilots, were nevertheless to stay there in the Training Center. December, January, and February went by, and in these months I wrote from Victorville to General after General. I remember saying to one of them:

"Dear General, if you will excuse me for writing a personal letter to you on a more or less official subject in time of war, I will certainly submit to you for court martial after the war. But if you can just listen to me I don't care whether that court martial comes or not. I have been trained as a fighter pilot for nine years. I have flown thousands of hours in all types of planes. I've been brought here as an instructor and I think I've done my job. Please let me get out to fight. I want to go to Java, I want to go to Australia, I want to go to China, India, and anywhere there's fighting going



Capt. Colin Kelly, who sank the Japanese battleship Haruna.

on—just so you get me out of the monotony of the Training Center."

An answer came back from this General: He would do all he could, he would even forget the court martial, but men were necessary in the training centers. Even with these kind words, it appeared that my cause was lost. Then, when the future looked worse than at any time in my life, a telephone call came from Washington, from a Colonel.

"Have you ever flown a four-engine ship?"

I answered immediately: "Yes, Sir." I had flown one for a very few minutes, at least I'd flown it in spirit while standing behind the pilot and co-pilot—but that was the only time I'd ever been in the nose or in the cockpit of a Flying Fortress. His next question was, "How many hours have you flown it?" I told him eleven hundred; there was no need to tell a story unless it was a good one, and after all, I considered this a white kind of lie—a white lie that was absolutely necessary if I was to get to war.

After giving this information I went back to waiting with my hopes

way up. One night in early March, 1942, they came true—and to me they read like a fairy tale, too good to be true. I was to comply with them immediately, reporting to a field in the Central States. There I would receive combat instructions from the leader of our mission.

As I drove over from Victorville to my home in Ontario that evening, it seemed as though I was already in the air—adventure had come at last. Even then the fear tugged at my heart that the orders would be changed before I could start. I told my wife that I was going to combat, but the nature of the orders forbade my telling her where, or what type of mission. Not even at the look of pain that crossed her face did I lose my feeling of victory. She was trying to feel happy, but I knew it was only because she remembered that I wanted duty in combat.

That night I began to pack hastily, resolving at the same time to take my wife and little one-year-old daughter back towards Georgia, where they could be among relatives. As I packed and arranged for the furniture to be shipped I still had my exalted feeling of victory. When I got into bed, very late, I thought I would drop right off to sleep. But as my mind relaxed for the first time after the orders had been received, I felt myself come to complete wakefulness. I even sat up in bed, for I had realized for the first time what I had done.

Here was my home, with the two people whom I loved more than anything in the world—my wife and my little girl. Here, in this wonderful place, I could possibly have lived out the war, behind a good safe desk at Victorville or some other training field. By my love of adventure, by my stubborn nature, I had talked myself out of this soft and wonderful job of staying home with my family. I was about to leave that girl I had driven all those thousands of miles to see—for even ten minutes. Tears came to my eyes—I knew I had been a fool.

For hours I lay awake. And then, in the darkness, I think I saw the other side. Suppose I called that officer who had telephoned me from Washington. Suppose I called and told him that I had lied—that I had never flown a Flying Fortress. I could easily get out of this mission—but the thought was one that I couldn't entertain even for a second. For now the seriousness of war had gradually come to me. Unless men like myself—thousands and millions of them—left these wonderful luxuries in this great land of America we could lose it all forever. I loved these two with all my heart, but the only way in all the world to keep them living in the clean world they were accustomed to was to steel myself to the pain of parting with them for months or years—or even forever. The actuality of war, grim war, had come. I knew then that the theoretical word "Democracy" was not what we were to fight for. I knew it was for no party, no race, creed, or color. We were going to fight, and many of us were to die, for just what I had here—my wife and family. To me, they were all that was real, they were all that I could understand. To me, they were America.

Next day we got the household goods packed. We piled on an east-bound train and left California. That ride for me was the saddest thing that has ever happened. I would look at those two and see that my wife was thinking my own thought; even the little girl seemed to sense that all was not well. At Memphis, I almost casually bade them good-by, and we parted. But as I watched their train disappear down the track I knew that part of my life was gone. My world was grim.

Reaching my assembly point for instructions, I found that I was reporting to Col. Caleb V. Haynes, one of the greatest of big-ship pilots—the pilot in our Air Force who had devoted much of his life to making the four-engine bomber the weapon that it is today. The entire group of officers and men made quite a gathering. I learned that they were all picked men, and that they had volunteered and almost fought for places on the crews of the Fortresses. And as I heard the explanation of the flight from Colonel Haynes, I saw the reason for their excitement.

This was a "dream mission"—one that was a million kinds of adventure rolled into one.

We were to fly thirteen four-engine bombers—one B-24 and twelve B-17's—to Asia. There we were to "bomb up" the ships after we had gone as far East as we possibly could, and then were to bomb objectives in Japan. Our orders read that we were to co-ordinate our attack from the West with another attack that was coming from the East.

The sadness that had been with me since leaving my family vanished. Once again I saw the war in a spirit of adventure. Here was what any soldier might have prayed for—here was what the American public had been clamoring for during the months since Pearl Harbor. I was fortunate to be one of the pilots; it almost made up for my failure to finally get into single-seater fighter ships again—almost, but not quite.

That night we talked things over and met each other, and next morning we left for Washington, with our newly drawn equipment. Our planes were in Florida, being made ready for combat, but we were obliged to go by way of Washington for the purpose, astounding in war, or securing diplomatic passports. I remember that even in the joy of the

In The Editor's Mail

BACK THE FRONT—

Somewhere in the Pacific a machine gun cuts down on a Japanese sneaking through the jungle.

Where did that machine gun come from? Trace it back. Follow it backward across the Pacific, back into the factory where it was made. It took steel to make that machine gun. Steel came from a mill that uses pig iron. Let's follow that pig iron back to the blast furnace. It took iron ore to make that pig iron. Now follow the iron ore back to its source and you come to the Great Lakes.

It is supper time on the fighting front in Italy, the boys are standing in line with their mess kits. Watchful Italian youngsters are hoping to get a bite. Before their eyes appears more bread than they have seen for months.

Follow the flour from which that bread was made, back across the Atlantic into the flour mill. It took wheat to make that flour. Trace back on the wheat—and you come to the Great Lakes.

Mention practically any object needed for war and you will trace it back to the Great Lakes. So summed up, all this means that without the swift and adequate transportation of materials from the Great Lakes, the Allied War Production program would be well-nigh impossible of accomplishment.

And who's doing this job. Some twelve and a half thousand men and women. We are told that there are now in the armed forces of this country over ten million men. Nobody knows how many million men there are in armed forces of England and of Russia and of China. But the millions who make up the fighting men of Russia and China and England and the United States depend, to an extent far more than you expect upon the

mission. I couldn't help wondering what kind of a war this one could be. We were having to secure passports in order to be able to fight. Visas were obtained for all countries we were to fly over and through—Brazil, Liberia, Nigeria, Egypt, Arabia, India—and China, especially! Visas—to go to war!

Properly inoculated against fourteen diseases, with visas for everywhere, with trinkets for trade with natives in Africa, Arabia, and Burma, we went on down to Florida. The instant I landed I hunted out my ship—B-17E—Air Corps number 41 9031. I soon painted on its nose the red map of Japan, centered by the cross-hairs of a modern bomb-sight, with the cross right over Tokyo. In my poor Latin was inscribed "Hades ab Altar"—or roughly, "Hell from on High."

I climbed into the control room of my ship and met my crew. Each man was a character, each man wanted badly to get started.

The co-pilot was Doug Sharp, another dark-haired Southerner, a first lieutenant who was destined to get shot down in another Flying Fortress over Rangoon. He coolly got most of his crew out of the burning ship; then, with those who were unable to parachute to safety, he landed the flaming ship in the rice paddies of central Burma. From this point he led his men—those whom he did not have to bury beside the ship—out through the Japanese lines to safety in India. He was made a major after this gallant act. (Continued Next Week)

12 and a half thousand lake seamen. Remember, Uncle Sam is supplying most of what it takes from a production and material standpoint, to win this war.

The seamen on the lake have a pretty big job per man. Suppose we measure it in terms of tonnage, war time restrictions will not permit the release of comparative figures, nevertheless, that tonnage down the lakes last year is very much larger than the tonnage of supplies moved by America's ocean-going ships to the armed forces on the various fighting fronts. Last year, the 12,875 seamen on the lakes vessels moved 175,000,000 tons of materials. This amounts to about 13,300 ton per seaman. That is the measure of each seaman's contribution to winning the war.

Upon what we do this year may depend the ability of the Allied forces to close in and make the final conquest of the enemy. Therefore, every seaman working aboard a lake vessel can conscientiously mark his or her present day to day labor as contributing to this victory. One of the most important factors in boat operation this year is the availability of lake seamen to man the boats. The seamen who work on the Great Lakes are serving one of the most essential needs during the crucial war time emergency. So when you're slogging along in the dark, with the light of some city on the near horizon, or plowing through thick and stormy weather, you wonder what the folks back home are doing, or maybe what they are saying. I see Mrs. So and So said I think these people should be home, that's their place. This remark comes over many miles of water to us, some in a very unusual way and some direct. But we wonder if Mrs. So and So every read one of those letters that could be of been written by her son in France or any other country, letters that could be published in your county paper along with others. I have in my possession a couple of these same letters, where the soldier says "we are proud to know you are doing so much to get the much needed weapons to us that are needed on all battle fronts. We feel you are doing your duty and thank God you are helping us to achieve the so much wished for victory."

We, the seamen who do not expect any medals or stripes for our effort in this vital war supply, we only think and hope we are doing it for our families and your family. Your son, brother, husband or daughter that may be in some war torn country. "Criticism" is the unjust thing for an American person to make in times of this kind. We are only performing an indispensable function in the winning of the great victory.

The merchant seaman as we are won the admiration of all familiar with their accomplishments. When we go down from shore to put our feet on the ships we are to sail. Our hearts and soul tell us we are giving our lives if necessary to the waters to which we are to sail upon. This is a seaman's feeling. The same may relate to any sailor or soldier of this great war. All is not pleasant at times. When weather is rough, as seamen are always on the alert to all possibilities whether they affect yourself or the other fellow.

There are 94,700 square miles of area bounded by shore line almost the same length as the



United States salt water coast line along the Atlantic, the Gulf and Pacific put together. Plenty of room for strange thing to happen.

As all seamen, we realize that the Great Lakes are quite a "boiling pot." They are subject to widely varied currents and some times break into a great waves washed over our decks and tons of water pour over our heads and the ship lurches from one side deck to the other as each side disappears under several feet of boiling water. This some times last for several hours. Count Felix von Luckner, skipper of the German raider Emden in World War I was a toughened "salt" who knew the seven seas like the palm of his hand.

But even von Luckner learned something in 1932, when he made his first trip on the Great Lakes. "He got sea sick." The redoubtable skipper of the Emden had a hard time figuring out

why. Here he was sailing on what salt water man has called "a bunch of puddles," yet he couldn't take it. Its because the waves come at you faster. He reflected. Used to the long, slow swells on salt water. Recognition of the fact set him to thinking.

Von Luckner, a little ashamed that he couldn't ride it out, like a lakes seaman kept his eyes open to learn all he could. Both the men and the methods of the lakes was a brand new lesson to him.

Slipping down the ladder at the end of his cruise, he summed up his impression in typical manner, "By Joe" he grinned admiringly, now that's something. A reader who is running on the Great Lakes.

Inside Out

Nine out of ten American women it is estimated, wear their stockings inside out because of the fact that the outside shines.

A Prayer of Thanksgiving

God of our fathers

... at this Thanksgiving time our hearts are filled to

overflowing... our eyes, once wet with tears, are drier

now... and broken hearts are surely mending because

of Thy blessings unto us. A mighty fortress is our

God!... And that Divine guidance which has always been

our priceless heritage is showing us the way! For

this we offer thanks. Thou hast stood beside our leaders

... our loved ones, departed... and those who have

remained at home. Thou hast given us courage

and led us victoriously into battle... to build those

things which Thou hast taught us to be righteous! For

this we offer thanks. May we in turn bring to Thee,

as proof of our devotion, the day when righteousness

shall cover the earth... as

the waters cover the sea.



A Pilgrim Thanksgiving

LEST WE FORGET... this Nation's 6th War Loan offers every American another great opportunity for rendering devoted service and for speeding the day of thanksgiving for final victory and peace. Buy, generously!

STANDARD OIL COMPANY (INDIANA)

SUPPORT THE 6TH WAR LOAN

Buy at least an extra \$100 War Bond

THE NATURAL BREW

Cranberry Salad

2 cups cranberries (ground)
2 cups sugar
1 pkg. lemon jello
1 1/2 cups boiling water
1/2 cup nut meats
1 orange (grind all of orange)
Let stand 1 hour and add to jello when cool.

A Home Owned Store

Burrow's Food Market

Phone 2291

LOCALS

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Simpson of Romeo are here at Lake Marguerite to make their home.
Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Lovely and boys and Mr. and Mrs. Laurence Bowers of Auburn are spending a week in Grayling.
Yvonne Bradley is home for Thanksgiving from Ann Arbor.

Mrs. W. C. Tufts has heard from her husband. He is in the Philippines.
The Ladies' National League are having a bazaar Saturday, Dec. 9 at the Grange Hall. There will be a selection of homemade Christmas gifts for sale.
Alfred Herman of Grand Rapids is here for hunting.
Mr. and Mrs. Walter Duerer of Detroit are spending a few days in Grayling for hunting.
Those wishing Red Cross Knitting call Mrs. C. McNamara or

M. Bauman.
The carburetor of a car at Calahan's Service Station exploded Saturday. The fire department was called but the fire had been extinguished when the engine arrived.
Meet your friends at ZAUER'S every Friday night for a PERCH FRY.
H. A. Warren of Saginaw is spending some time in Grayling hunting.
Mr. and Mrs. Owen Reid of Twinning visited the Ronnow Hansons last week Wednesday and Thursday. They also visited Mr. Reid's mother, Mrs. Nell Reid.
Miss Virginia Peterson was home for the week end from Alma, visiting her parents, the T. P. Petersons.
Arlene and Margaret Laage were home for the week end from Alma, visiting their parents, Mr. and Mrs. Max Laage.
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Mrs. Marjorie Dorah had as week end guests her daughter and husband, Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Cady, of Ypsilanti, niece and husband, Mr. and Mrs. Roy Hiesick and their son, Larry and sister and husband, Mr. and Mrs. Claude Parker all of Lansing.
Edna Muth of Detroit spent the week end with her mother, Mrs. R. Howell.
Maurice Bailey of Coldwater is spending several days in Grayling hunting.
Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Bangher

and Mr. and Mrs. Elvin Freeman of Paw Paw are spending a few days hunting in the Grayling vicinity.
The Ladies National League are having a bazaar Saturday, Dec. 9, at the Grange Hall. There will be a selection of homemade Christmas gifts for sale. 11-16-11.
R. L. Bensinger, son-in-law of Mrs. Amy Gothro and three companions left Sunday after spending several days in Grayling hunting.
Pvt. and Mrs. Russel Robertson, formerly of Grayling, left Monday for Sault Ste. Marie, after spending several days with Russel's mother, Mrs. Peter Robertson. Pvt. Robertson is on a 15-day furlough and expects to report to Fort Lewis, Wash., when it expires.
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Mr. and Mrs. Taylor Loper and Mr. and Mrs. Cleites Cooper of Ypsilanti are spending two weeks in Grayling. Mrs. Cooper is the former Shirley Glen.
Edgar Rudolph and Henry La Grow of Detroit left Sunday after spending a week at the Rudolph cabin.
Clifford Fletcher, Oliver Strong and the Ted Wheelers left Sunday after spending the week hunting as guests of the Delbert Wheelers.
Harold, Glen and Victor Overly of Detroit spent the week hunting at the Roger Kneff cabin.
Mr. and Mrs. Lowell Overly of Detroit are spending a couple of

A Swell Gift for "Him"...A Sportmaster Shirt

in deep tone colors. They're Wool and Rayon and make a Splendid Sport Shirt. Wine, Navy, Green.

\$6.95 and \$7.95

Men's All Wool Mufflers

Fancy Plaids and Plains.

\$1.75 to \$2.95

New Arrow Shirts

Fancy Patterns in Stripes.

\$2.24 and \$2.50

Warm, Lined Gloves

\$1.95 to \$3.95

Cold Weather ahead, Men; so see our O'Coats in All Wool Fleeces and Gabardines \$29.50

Grayling Mercantile Company

The Quality Store

Phone 2251

IT'S TIME TO TURN TO A & P

For Really Fresh Produce

HARD — RIPE SQUASH 3c lb.	GOLDEN YELLOW YAMS 4 lbs. 29c	FANCY MICHIGAN CELERY large stalk 10c	RED EMPEROR GRAPES 2 lbs. 39c
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TEXAS SEEDLESS — SIZE 80 GRAPEFRUIT 5 for 29c	JUICY — FLORIDA ORANGES 5 lbs. 39c	FRESH — NEW CROP CRANBERRIES lb. 39c	LARGE FLORIDA — AVOCADO SALAD PEARS do. 25c
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SUNMAID SEEDLESS RAISINS 15-oz. pkg. 15c	RUBY BEE GRAPE JAM 2 lb. jar 33c
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ANN PAGE GARDEN RELISH 34c
DERBY BARBECUE SAUCE 9c
DELISH CUCUMBER PICKLES 21c
FORBE'S HORSE RADISH 17c
BIRDSEYE MATCHES 6 boxes 25c
dexo SHORTENING 3 lb. carton 63c
EVERYMEAL APPLE BUTTER 27-oz. 21c
CAMPBELL'S TOMATO SOUP 3 No. 1 cans 27c

BLUE LABEL KARO SYRUP 2 No. 1 1/2 glass 27c	SUNNYFIELD PANCAKE FLOUR 5 lb. bag 26c
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HEINZ VEGETABLE SOUP 11-oz. can 13c
ANN PAGE ORANGE MARMALADE 2 lb. jar 31c
KELLOGG'S ALL-BRAN 19c
MELLO WHEAT 20-oz. pkg. 15c
MAZDA BULBS 15-25-40-60 WATT each 10c
GERBER'S BABY FOODS 3 cans 21c
IONA TOMATOES NEW PACK No. 2 can 10c

Jane Parker Fruit Cake

2-LB. CAKE \$1.08
5-LB. CAKE \$2.40

Rich with plump raisins, glazed pineapple, glazed cherries, citron, meaty pecans and orange peel.

ENRICHED — DATED
MARVEL BREAD big 26-oz. loaf 11c
JANE PARKER DONUTS — PLAIN — doz. 15c
MARVEL RYE BREAD 22 1/4-oz. loaf 11c
HAMBURG OR HOT DOG ROLLS pkg. 1

White House Evaporated MILK
3 tall cans 26c

OUR OWN BLACK TEA
1/2-lb. pkg. 31c

SUNNYFIELD ROLLED OATS
QUICK OR REGULAR
5 lb. bag 31c

weeks in Grayling hunting and visiting friends. Mrs. Overly is the former Yvonne La Grow.
Meet your friends at ZAUER'S every Friday night for a PERCH FRY.
Art Clough got his buck on the first day of the season, a six-pointer. His cousin, Lawrence Trumbley, of Saginaw, got a spike horn on the first day. Carl Walters of Toledo got a spike horn the second day.
Meet your friends at ZAUER'S every Friday night for a PERCH FRY.
Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Braden of Traverse City left Monday, after spending a week at the Charles Melichars. Incidentally he got his buck.
Mrs. Delmar Streff and baby daughter, Patty Sue, of Coloma, are spending a week or two at the Charles Melichars.
Meet your friends at ZAUER'S every Friday night for a PERCH FRY.
Pvt. 1-c Donald Feldhauser bumped into Bob Chapple in South Pacific. He said it sure seemed good to meet someone from home.
Mr. and Mrs. Charles Meisel entertained several friends Sunday evening in honor of Mr. and Mrs. J. Weinberg of West Branch, who were dinner guests.
Here is the cookie recipe promised the Mom's by Mrs. Dan Babbitt:
Cream Fruit Cookies, 1-c butter or other shortening, 2-c brown or white sugar, 2 eggs, 1-c cream 3 lbs. orange marmalade, 1-c ground raisins, 1-c sift and measure 4-c all-purpose flour and sift together with 1 tsp. each of soda, salt, baking powder. Mix together in order given. Let stand over night in cool place. Drop cookies on cookie sheet and spread them a little. Bake in 450 oven 10 to 15 minutes.
Mrs. Dan Babbitt.

OUR WEATHER

Temperature Reading		
Degrees	G A. M.	Degrees
Nov. 14	40	40
15	42	44
16	38	32
17	32	34
18	34	36
19	32	36
20	36	34

CONK'S COL.

"That when the One Great Score comes.
To write against your name—
He writes not if you won or lost,
But how you played the game"

Dear, oh dear, what a lot of deer! A large proportion of the hunters seem to have got their deer this season. But we never can get accustomed to the sight of deer slung on the front fenders of a car, looking like anything but the beautiful creatures they were before shot.

As for us, we prefer fishing.
O. P. S. has a Dewey button to give away. If it would efficiently replace the suspender button we lost off our pants, we would take it. But it was just like so many other gaudy ornaments, just made to look at.

Sheriff John Papendick says he hasn't had time to get his deer yet. From which we opine that he's really a good marksman, not at all like some fellows who mistake a lady bending over for the rear elevation of a deer, and shoot without being sure of the real identity. We read lately of a lady hunter being shot in the hip, by an unknown hunter.

We note that many dears are deer hunting this season. Come to think of it, they do fit their hunting shirts and breeches a good bit more compactly than the hunters of the other sex.

Carrying a loaded gun in a car isn't at all safe. It is also costly if the conservation officer finds it that way. Wiser far to unload your gun before putting it in the car—for safety's sake, too.

We wonder if "Butch" got his deer.

Fishing about over until the ice comes. It won't be long now before we'll be fishing thru the ice and hoping to catch a pike as big as Royale Wright got last winter.

And a truly thankful Thanksgiving to all of us.

CALENDAR of COMING EVENTS

Nov. 29—Kiwanis Club, Shop-penagons, noon.
Dec. 1—Ladies Aid of Michelson Memorial Church. Mrs. Jas. McDonnell.
Dec. 14—Hospital Aid. Mrs. Carl Peterson. Bring your thimble.

Rationing at a Glance

Board open to the public 10 a. m. to 5 p.m. every week day.

PROCESSED FOODS—
Blue stamps A-8 thru Z-8 and A-8 through W-5 in Book 4 good for 10 points each indefinitely.
MEATS, CHEESE, BUTTER, FATS, CANNED FISH, CANNED MILK
Red stamps A-8 through Z-8 and A-8 through W-5 in Book 4 good for 10 points each indefinitely.
SUGAR—
Sugar stamps 30, 31, 32, 33 in Book 4 good for 5 lb. each indefinitely. Stamp 40 good for 5 lb. canning sugar through Feb. 28, 1945.
SHOES—
Nos. 1, 2 and 3 airplane stamps in Book 3 good until further notice. Take Book 3 when shopping for shoes.
GASOLINE—
Stamp A-13 in new book good for 4 gallons through Dec. 21. B-3 and C-3 stamps expire Sept. 30. B-4, B-5, C-4 and C-5 stamps good for 5 gallons. State and license number must be written on face of each coupon immediately upon receipt of book.
TIRES—
Inspections not compulsory unless applying for tires. Commercial inspections due every six months or 5000 miles whichever is first.
FUEL OIL—
Period 4-5 coupons good thru Aug. 31, 1945. Period 1 coupon for new season good upon receipt. Unit value 10 gallons. All change-making and reserve coupons good throughout heat-

FOR QUALITY MEATS AT EVERY DAY LOW PRICES

FANCY GRADE A ROASTING CHICKENS lb. 44c	FANCY HEAVY ROCKS STEWING FOWL lb. 39c
---	--

DUCKLINGS 37c
OYSTERS 69c
GROUND BEEF 26c
SHRIMP 34c



YOUR
COUNTRY
is still at
WAR--
ARE YOU?

THE 6TH WAR LOAN DRIVE

STARTED ON NOVEMBER 20, 1944

BUY ONE MORE EXTRA BOND

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Crawford County War Finance Committee

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